

1925

The
Four Corners



Scarboro
High School



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Our Dedication



To all our friends and advocates of a high school
building new,
To those who've staunchly aided us, who've proved
themselves so true,
We dedicate this issue of our old Four Corners
dear,
In the hope our cherished dreams come true e'er
we greet you again next year.

Faculty

ELWOOD G. BESSEY, A.B., *Principal*
Science and Mathematics

FRANCES V. LIBBEY, A.B.
Latin, English

FLORENCE W. BOYLE, A.B.
French, History

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WALTER SARGENT, '25
Assistant Business Managers

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GERTRUDE SOULE, '27

AMY WILLMAN, '25

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THE FOUR CORNERS

VOL. VIII

May, 1925

No. 1



Editorials

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

Tourist: "What time is it?"

Farmer (taking out watch): "Well, Sar, it's quarter to two, standard time; it's quarter after two, school time; it's quarter to three, straight daylight saving time; take your choice."

Why can't the people of one state agree as to where the sun shall be when the clock dial shows a certain hour? Well, it's just here everybody is obstinate and hates to give up their own way.

Daylight saving time is fireside talk, town talk, state talk and legislative talk, in fact, too much talk and too little common sense. Whoever invented a change in the time ought to live on a farm, and hang on his own gallows. Since Maine is chiefly an agricultural state, this interest should be considered first. Another thing against it is the fact that it has died out and become unpopular everywhere else and the conflicts thus brought in hinder travel, mail service, and confuse outsiders. It is true that it may have its virtues.

There is never a loss but it reaps some small gain. Of course for factory workers it gives more time for recreation. Yet is it the factory workers who take advantage of it? Is it not rather some of the Big Bugs who have all the time they need for illness and sport now?

This time is very inconvenient for the farmer and rural population, for who wants to get up before daylight or who can get up and get much mowing done before sunrise? All thrifty farmers get out and get their work done early before the heat of the day. Also farmers don't like to go to supper at six o'clock with their work done, as it usually is, before supper on a farm, and know that there are to be three more hours of wasted daylight. There are also things that can't be done on a farm till the dew is off, such as handling beans, and who wants to wait till nine or ten o'clock to go to work.

It is also inconvenient for those working in daylight saving time towns, who live in standard time towns.

Of course we all have a right to our opinions but let's get the right opinions and "let well enough alone."

* * * *

CLUB WORK

The year of 1924 has put Scarboro "on the map" as regards club work. We are always glad when we can look back over a year of work well done. The registration in the two girls' clubs under the leadership of Mrs. Ralph Libbey numbered seventeen, while Mr. Heald, the oldest club leader in the state in point of service, had thirteen

in his club. All these clubs are standard clubs, have won their second seals of achievement, and two have finished their year's work with one hundred per cent membership. The club meetings have been interesting, regular, and well attended.

Margaret Urquhart and Mary Pillsbury were selected to represent western Maine in the bread-making contest at the Eastern States' Exposition at Springfield, where they made a fine showing. They have also given their demonstration at various other places.

Many prizes were won by our club members at North Scarboro Fair, and when our annual local exhibition was held, each club put on a demonstration.

At the county contest two Scarboro teams demonstrated, while championships were won by Amy Willman, Walter Sargent, Walter Nielsen, and Elinor Lary.

At the state meet at the University of Maine, the two club leaders, four champions, and our bread-making demonstrators, were in attendance. Amy Willman won second prize in sewing, Walter Sargent and Walter Nielsen won third prizes in the sweet corn and pig clubs respectively, and Elinor Lary won the championship in the cooking and housekeeping project.

All in all, 1924 has been a year of achievement and we feel sure that few, if any, high schools in the state can equal our successful record. With our excellent club leaders, increased interest, and far heavier registration in club work than last year, we feel sure that good fortune will attend us.

DISCOURAGEMENT

Discouragement has been justly called the wedge of Satan. The story is told that once upon a time the Devil had an auction sale on all his implements. A prospective buyer noticed that the price on Discouragement was far greater than on any of the others. He promptly asked why this tool was so expensive, whereupon Satan told him it was his best and most effective tool since he could wedge into places by it that he could get into by no other means.

Of course this is only an allegory. Nevertheless, it is true that discouragement can do more to tear down and destroy that which is builded than any opposition or difficulty or like hindrance could do in three times the same time, or at all. The reason is this: it is from within; they are from without. An internal enemy is always a more grievous one than an external enemy.

Who does not have his "blue days," when everything looks dark and gloomy and it seems the world was not made for you and that you can make no place for yourself in it? We have all heard of "blue Monday," a malady peculiar to housekeepers. Who has not made some blunder and then said, "Oh, I think the world would have been better without me. Who would miss me?" and similar things? These and many others are simply nieces and nephews of old Discouragement.

Discouragement is a thing to be hated; a thing to flee from, and in case it overtakes

one, it is a thing to be faced and fought with pluck. It should never be allowed to remain behind one, for at the most unwary moment it will spring and overpower its victim. Discouragement is like a net. It is never detected until you are trapped, then it is too late. It catches the most unsuspecting first and sometimes captures those who realize its nearness but fail to get its exact latitude and longitude.

That person who can eat the bread of adversity and drink the water of affliction, face misunderstanding or dire poverty or a thousand and one other things, and keep in mind throughout it all that every other difficulty has cleared up, and time will erase this one, has won a victory greater than that of any bloody battle. He deserves the honor of a general who can smile and say, "Every cloud has a silver lining."

* * * *

The spirit of loyalty has been remarkably manifested by the strict attendance of the students. Our average for the fall term was slightly higher than ninety-eight per cent. This is exceptional, since so many live at great distances from the school. The average has also been very high even during the winter months, many not having been absent or tardy. There were nine boys and fifteen girls who had maintained this record at the first of February.

* * * *

Much has been said and written of school spirit but when every fact has been presented one truth stands supreme—a spirit of co-operation between the teachers

and pupils and especially among the pupils themselves, is the essential to every successful undertaking in school life. When to this is added a determined perseverance to overcome obstacles,—to succeed in every undertaking, the feeling of good will is intensified, and every project, whether it be of a scholastic, athletic, or social nature, cannot be other than an unqualified success.

The school that has thoroughly grasped the idea that such success is made up of honest, earnest, painstaking and individual effort is on the high road to attain its ideals, and its students will reap the benefits of such spirit, not only during school life, but in later years as well, when, as

individuals, imbued with the same will to conquer all obstacles, they face life's varied and vexing problems.

* * * *

The faculty as well as the editorial board wish to express their thanks to the patrons of our advertising section. We have been greatly helped by their ready response and cheerful co-operation and have been enabled to issue a bigger and better paper. We trust that it will be duly appreciated by the student body and all our readers and that they will patronize those whose financial aid has made our paper possible.

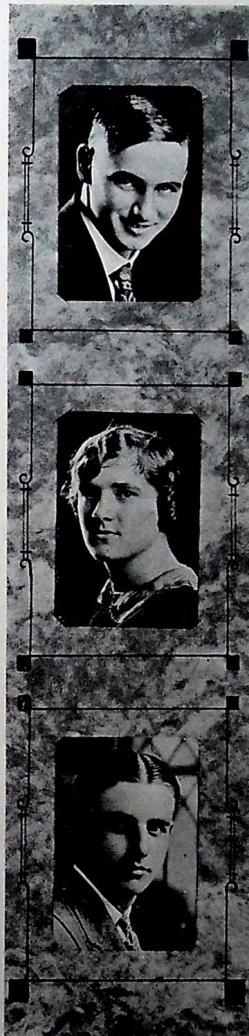


WALTER SARGENT

Class President (3, 4); Salutatorian; Senior Drama (4); Club (4); County Garden Champion (4); Business Manager of the FOUR CORNERS (4).

"True worth is in being, not seeming."

So quiet was Walter during his Freshman year that it took us all some time to discover that fine chap was hidden beneath that shy and retiring exterior. Senior year has found him second from the top in rank and possessing a reputation for knowing lots that he keeps under his hat. Walter has made good at so many things that his successes are no longer a surprise to us, but one thing that is not generally known is that he is considered an excellent judge of "chickens." We understand that after graduation he is considering an offer to manage Sprague's farm.



AMY WILLMAN

Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (2); Manager (3); Prize Speaking (1, 2); Senior Drama (3, 4); County Sewing Champion; Assistant Manager of Four Corners (3, 4); Third Honor, Class Prophecy.

Amy's activities have been so many and varied that to chronicle her is a difficult task. She is so full of pep, energy, and dependability, that we always think of her as a standby. Amy is equally good on the stage as a "cullud Pusson" or a peroxide "Flapperdame." In basketball she has arms like an octopus, and no matter what the size of her opponents, they can't bowl her over. Junior year Amy annexed the Sewing Championship for Cumberland County with a very high score. Not content with these activities, she copped third honor handily, and we expect to see her equal or better that record at college.

FRED SKILLINGS

Class President (1); Cross Country (1, 4); Track (1); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain of Basketball (4); Captain of Cross Country (4); Senior Drama (3, 4); Prize Speaking (3, 4); Editorial Board (4).

Freddy's smooth disposition and sunny countenance are as "rare as a day in June." He should qualify one of these days as a Diplomat to the League of Nations where we know he would pour oil on the troubled waters. Freddy has been in practically every activity to his own credit and the honor of the school. In Cross Country he is among the first; he is an orator of ability, and a basketball game makes him feel at home anywhere. Whatever career he chooses, his genial, goodnatured ways will win him a place. Freddy has just one peculiarity, his gentle (?) haw-haw he used to use in English History class.



MYRTLE HANSCOM

Class President (2); Treasurer (3, 4); Winner of FOUR CORNERS Prize Essay (2); Editorial Board (2, 3, 4); Editor-in-Chief (4); Valedictorian; Librarian (4).

"Of her so much of good is to be said,
That scarce I know where to begin."

Myrtle's motto might well have been that of Peter the Great, for she has been an ardent disciple of Knowledge ever since her enrollment as a Freshman. Math, History, Chemistry, French, Latin, Physics, English, all have fallen prey to Myrtle's insatiable thirst for Wisdom. Her scholastic ability needs no other comment than to say she is the highest ranking valedictorian in the history of the school. However, she is not a book worm, but takes the time to enter into the activities of the school. We are proud that Myrtle is a member of 1925 and predict great things for her in the future.

WALTER NIELSEN

Basketball (2, 3, 4); Editorial Board (4); Cross Country (4); Agricultural Club (1, 3, 4); County Pig Champion (4).

Walter looks down on every one, but don't hold that up against him. He isn't conceited, even if he is "up in the air" all the time. When he was a Freshman he was of usual Freshman dimensions, but since he took the motto, "There's always room at the top," he has been living up to it. That also accounts for his taking to "raising things;" he raised a pig that won for him the county championship, and was one of a team of six who made the trip to Orono. He is also a star basketball player, a consistent point winner in Cross Country, and a fine student. Added to that, he is a fellow we are all glad to number among our friends.

HELEN FENDERSON

Chebeague Island High School (1, 2); Senior Drama (4); Editorial Board (4).

Helen didn't start her Freshman year with us but she showed her good judgment by choosing the class of 1925, S. H. S., in which to graduate. Such an unassuming little body is Helen that one would hardly know she was around. She played the leading part in this year's Senior Drama, and gave a most creditable performance. She is a student of fine ability, and tho she believes that "Children should be seen and not heard," she is always there with the knowledge. Helen expects to practice the art of nursing and we know she will succeed.

MAURICE PLOWMAN

Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3); Cross Country (4); Agricultural Club (4); Editorial Board (4).

We are going to miss "Sunny Jim" in more ways than one. In the thick of a basketball scrimage, Jim was the boy that could always dig out the ball and start it going in the right direction. In Cross Country he was equally a star performer. The Windham folks had a great joke played on them last fall. When they spied Jim leading the field by about half a mile, they all said, "Isn't it too bad that Scarboro boy didn't know how far he was supposed to run before he turned back!" Jim got the habit of running over the Cross Country trail so thoroughly, that he still goes around the course almost every evening.



DOROTHY SHAW

Senior Drama (4); Editorial Board of the FOUR CORNERS (4).

One would never guess that beneath a very demure exterior, this maiden is a devoted adherent to co-education, not even caring for variety, which is the spice of life. Her chief outdoor sport is riding in the Flivver *a deux*, and indoors she haunts the Chem. Laboratory. Her future career will be nursing, so Dorothy declares, and her soothing voice and calm, pleasant ways will make many a sufferer sing. "I don't want to get well."



MAX EMMONS

Prize Speaking (1); Agricultural Club (4); Basketball (3, 4); Manager of Basketball (3); Cross Country (4); Manager (4); Senior Drama (3, 4); Editorial Board (3, 4); Pageant, "The Light" (2).

Another athletic and dramatic star. Max gets an occasional bump playing basketball, but it took him three weeks to recover from his debut into the limeight in the drama this year. Max is one of the chaps that tries every activity and does well in all of them. He is noted for his cheerful disposition, his soft and gentle laugh, and is "Jim" Plowman's Siamese twin. Freshman year he developed his muscle by lugging around Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which he wore completely out in two terms, and "every where that Emmons went, the book was sure to go."





CLYDE HARMON

Basketball (2, 3, 4); Editorial Board (4); Prize Speaking (4)

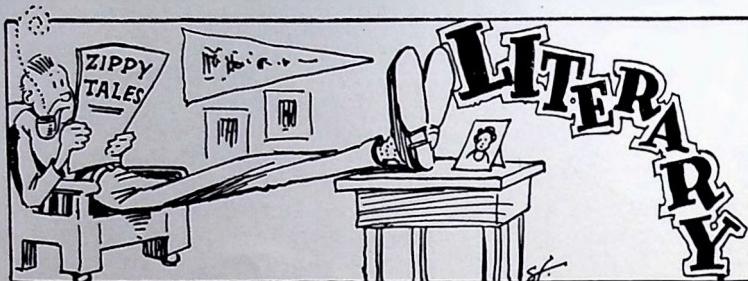
Ever since "Sheik" entered high school, he has been busily engaged in living down the reputation of "Class Baby," which accounts for his fine physique. Altho of tender years, he has gained fame in several lines. He can shoot a basket so gracefully and do it with such an engaging grin that even his bitterest opponents love to see him do it. He is a voracious reader of all sorts of literature, swallows information that is to his taste, like an ostrich; he can play Orpheus to a standstill, and still has time for all sorts of social activities.



OUR "LETTER MEN"

Senior Statistics

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nick Name</i>	<i>Haunt</i>	<i>Song</i>	<i>Fav. expression</i>
Helen Fenderson	Birdie	Most any place	Freddie, my Boy	Shut up!
Walter Sargent	Elsie	Greenacre	Derby Town	Stop, Elsie!
Myrtle Hanscome	Artie	A Dodge sedan	Those Evening Bells	Oh! No!
Walter Nielson	Walt	Thornton Heights	Daddy Long Legs	Well, well, well
Dorothy Shaw	Dot	The Bottom of Oak Hill	The Low Backed Car	Well, did you ever!
Maurice Plowman	Jim	Down the Gorham Road	Toot, Toot, Tootsie	Well, by Heck!
Amy Willman	Chauffeur- Johnny	The Fliv	Nobody Loves Me	Where's my pocket- book?
Max Emmons	Peter	Milliken Road	Tea for Two	'Zat so?
Clyde Harmon	Zeke	Westbrook	Gee, How I Hate To Get Up in the Morning!	Precisely!
Fred Skillings	Skilly	Mitchell's Riverside	In the Gloaming	I'll say so!



PERAMBULATIONS OF A TRAMP

I have walked, run, or trotted all the way from San Diego, California, to where I am now having my biography written and picture taken, the former to be put in book form as soon as it is completed, the latter, and also a digest of my life and wanderings, to be put in the newspapers all over the country. Later there is a possibility of my picture's hanging in the Rogue's Gallery. I am called "Rags" James, though my real name is Shepherd James. You see, I was named for my illustrious grandfather.

On my way here I passed through many large cities, avoiding those where I was acquainted, and seeking the small, tranquil villages which never wake up for anything less than the Prince of Wales.

One of the cities in which I shall be long remembered is Phoenix, Arizona, where I would have been caught and hanged for killing one of the peacocks in the zoo if there had not been a hole in the fence that I could slip through. The "cops" were too fat to follow. Wouldn't you take vengeance?

Once on one who had scorned your ragged coat and unkempt hair, and when you tried to make friends, mocked you in a harsh, jeering tone? Well, that's what I did to the peacock.

Nothing much happened in Santa Fé, New Mexico. I had the best time there that I had anywhere. The people seemed to appreciate the fact that someone else besides themselves may be hungry. Guthrie, Oklahoma, wasn't so bad, but really the Santa Fé citizens were much more human. I saw more of Jefferson City, Missouri, than any other place as I stayed there nearly a week. Many nice sleeping places are to be found there. One night the keeper of the museum very kindly let me stay overnight. My opinion of him changed a lot the next morning when he acted as though he had forgotten me the evening before and kicked me out, in spite of my pleading for some breakfast and to be allowed to remain. I found out afterward that he had forgotten me. I hate to say it, but I guess my breaking one of the cases to get a lunch didn't improve his feelings.

I struck out next for Frankfort, Ken-

tucky. The name sounded good. I hadn't had any for a "dog's age," as some people say. That city was the meanest, stingiest, dirtiest place that ever was conceived. What in the world a person wanted to live there for, I can't see. I've knocked about considerably, but it was too much for even me. Just when I was making up my mind to go to Staunton, Virginia, I heard of Pocahontas, Virginia. It sounded pretty good to me for two reasons. The first was: I remembered Pocahontas was a pretty girl, maybe there were more like her there, now. The second was because it sounded like a French food. Now I'm fond of French dishes so I thought I'd go there. After I got there, I proclaimed in a solemn tone, after much grave thought, this resolution: "I, Shepherd James, after due deliberation, here resolve and swear, *never*, while in this world, to again make a choice of cities while wandering, by the sentiment which is attached to their names," so I came directly to Washington, D. C., which I had been trying to reach.

As I said before, I will now probably be put in prison by the Supreme Court, because the White House cook caught me ste ling the turkey for the President's Thanksgiving Dinner, and I bit him when he was trying to take it away.

It's a hard world for presidential dogs like me. If someone would only cut the hair of my coat so I would not look so ragged, uncut and unkempt, I might reform and even get adopted by a rich gentleman, rest my head on the lap of luxury, and be able to indulge my wandering propensities in proper style, with my master as my companion! Who knows???

E. L., '26.

NIGHT VISITORS

"Pa! pa, wake up!" old Mrs. Witherspoon loudly whispered in her husband's ear, shaking and pulling him vigorously, as she was wont to knead bread.

Pa Witherspoon grunted, half opened his eyes, and turned over into a more comfortable position.

The shaking continued and he reluctantly woke up.

"What's the matter, Lindy?" he queried in a none too gentle tone, for being roused at such a time and in such darkness was not to his liking.

"Burglars downstairs," she whispered in a frightened voice, "I heard 'em bangin' and thumpin' around just a second ago."

Pa started up with such a jerk that a hot, fiery twinge of pain shot through his rheumatic shoulder.

"Do be quiet and hurry, my weddin' silver ain't been locked up tonight and that gold spoon Henry had when he was a baby is on the sideboard. I just know they're all gone," she wailed.

Pa cautiously got out of bed, rubbing his shoulder. He felt for his slippers and then had to stop and think where he had left his bathrobe. At last he remembered he'd left it on the bedpost.

Poor ma was shivering and moaning over her precious silverware.

"Lindy," whispered pa, "where'd I put that gun after I shot that thieving crow last week?"

"Pa, you'll shoot somebody or some

thing. Land sakes! be you agoing to use that?"

"Yes, that'll ketch all the burgulars; I remember it's in the hall," he said, and crept softly to the stairs. Lindy followed, creeping and trembling, picking out the way in the pitchy black darkness.

Carefully they started down the stairs, stopping to listen and trying to pierce the darkness; pa clasped the old blunderbuss more tightly as they advanced.

Thud! A dull sound reached them from just below. Startled, pa stopped and ma nearly collided with him. He courageously grasped the gun, straightened up and walked softly down the last few steps, ma following on wobbly legs and with her heart nearly choking her.

"Whoever yer be, stand still," pa said, hardly making any audible sound.

It was silent as a tomb. The clock ticked loudly. They could hear themselves breathe. Pa carefully adjusted his gun in a better position, again admonished that person to keep his position. He found the table and lighted the lamp on it. He blinked until his eyes became accustomed to the light, then he blinked for all the world like some old owl in astonishment.

He and ma were the only ones there! Ma was standing a little way behind him, her nightcap askew, the new bed quilt which she had purchased only last week at the church fair, the precious quilt, was mussed and dumpy looking. On the table was an overturned vase and a very surprised mouse who first blinked, then darted away.

Pa grinned somewhat sheepishly and

spoke to the still dazed and much frightened Lindy.

"Ma, guess your silver and gold stuff is all right, but I shouldn't wonder but what some food was gone, cheese for instance. Better get back to bed, you might catch cold even with that quilt on."

Ma turned and retraced her steps, followed by pa with the lamp this time.

"Good gracious, pa, did you know that that quilt was my new one? The sewing circle is going to meet here tomorrow and I was going to land it over 'em, now it's a sight!" poor ma said as soon as she had recovered her speech.

"Show it to 'em just the same, get 'em started on burgulars, it'll save somebody's reputation from being pulled into the mud by those gossips," pa answered.

"Pa, how you do talk," ma said in astonishment.

M. P., '27.

A STORY OF A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD

"Ah," said the basket, "and what story have you to tell me? It must be pretty good because you look as if you had come a long way."

"And so I have," said the driftwood, "it is very long and a sorrowful tale, but I will begin at the beginning.

"Ever so many years ago, I was a big hemlock tree up in the big forest of Maine. But the life was rather dull there and I often wished I was somewhere else.

"But one day in the winter some men

came and cut me down and lots of other trees round us. I lay there for some time and then they floated me down the stream with lots of other logs like myself. They had stripped us of our limbs and made us look so ridiculous that I was ashamed to have anyone see us.

"There were lots of human beings on the banks watching us. I had never seen so many people before, as not very many came to the forest. I wished many times during the long journey that I was back in the forest even if the life was dull.

"But at last we came to our journey's end at a place they called a mill. There I was cut into many strips, the human beings called them boards. As I was now split, I called the other parts of me brothers and sisters. Well, the most of us I guess one morning were loaded onto something which they called a train and borne swiftly through the country till I was unloaded at another mill; here I was shaped, nailed, pounded, smoothed, and last of all, painted. During this time I had gone under lots of names, a tree, log, boards, and now a ship.

"Well, this ship was very big and I was very proud of myself because I was up above the water and could see everything that went on.

"The place we started from was New York harbor and we set out for Liverpool, England. The journey going over was pleasant, the weather was fair and I arrived there safely. But coming back was not so easy. I had gone nearly the whole of my voyage when a terrible storm came up, the wind blew, and I rocked back and

forth. The water rose in immense waves and rolled over me, but I always came up again. The people on board me were terribly frightened and so was I. They tried to steer me straight, but the wind kept blowing me toward a reef of rocks. I tried to go on my course, because the rocks looked terribly big and black, but thither the wind drove me. The heavens were black, the wind blew, and shrieked to me to go on the rocks. Even the black rocks seemed to beckon me. At last a huge wave, larger than the others, drove me nearer; the wind helped; I felt myself going, and at once a big shock was felt. The people shrieked, 'She's on the rocks!' and there was wild confusion.

"Sometime later, another smaller boat came and took all the people off but the captain, who was to wait until they came back, but during that time the water came up over me and the poor captain.

"I guess his bones and the other parts of the ship are still back there. I stayed there a long time myself, far down under the blue waters. But at length the water beat me against the rocks until I had got away from the rest and then it washed me away here. Then this lady picked me up and put me in you."

"And in the morning the lady will build the fire with you," said the basket.

"Well, I guess being burned will not be any worse than what I have already been through," said the driftwood with a sigh.

C. C. H., '28.

A SCRAP OF BROWN PAPER

As I boarded the train for Boston, I

noticed how very crowded it was but finally managed to find a seat with a gentleman who had quite a bit of baggage. He was rather short, dressed in a dark suit and overcoat, with a derby hat. He wore shell-rimmed goggles and I noticed also a dark moustache. In front of us I couldn't help noticing a rather stylish looking young lady finely dressed in gray traveling clothes, also wearing some fine jewelry.

The man beside me was very quiet and meek looking, so I didn't attempt a conversation.

We had not progressed far on our journey when a porter came through our car selling magazines. The young lady in front of me bought one and so did I, but my seatmate was deeply engrossed in gazing from the window.

I was soon very much interested in my magazine but it didn't hold my interest long so at last I discarded it and began to study the passengers about me. In the rear of the car sat a fine looking, business-like man. He wore a gray tweed suit and soft felt hat.

Once or twice the young lady turned around and examined him rather closely and also took a sidelong glance at myself. I thought that no doubt she was trying to make a hit somehow.

At last, as the stations rolled by she began to get uneasy and to gather up her baggage. Then she took from her pocket-book a slip of brown paper. It was writing paper and around the edge was a gilt border. It had a touch of individuality about it which belonged to the maiden.

She scribbled on it for awhile and then

as we were nearing one of the smaller stations near Boston she got off. But as she rose she dropped the piece of brown paper and it landed at my feet.

I first thought to pick it up and pass it to her but she was gone too soon so I put it in my pocket and thought no more about it.

At that moment the nice looking chap behind moved up nearer to a vacant seat just behind me.

Somehow I noticed how glum and cross looking my seatmate was growing and thought I would move across the aisle.

At last my trip drew to a close and I picked up my suitcase and got off. I noticed the two men on the subway car but that didn't cause me to wonder any. I got out of the subway and went to a restaurant for supper; then I went to look for a room. I found a good one and then thought I would go to the theatre for I always enjoy Keith's in Boston on a hot night. The show was good and as soon as it was over I hurried for my rooms hoping to get some sleep as I had some important business to transact on the morrow.

As I climbed the steps to the hotel I saw the young lady I had noticed on the train sitting in a window on the first floor. But this didn't cause me any wonder for about an hour.

I went upstairs to my room and was enjoying a smoke before retiring when a sharp rap on the door jarred my peace.

"Come in," I shouted rather loudly, as it surprised me.

Immediately the knob was turned rather roughly and in walked an officer and the

nice looking man whom I had met on the train.

"You are under arrest," shouted the officer. This certainly was a surprise to me. "What for?" I asked.

He then explained to me that I had in my possession a string of pearls belonging to a certain wealthy lady of Portland. He told me that I was in league with one of Massachusetts' greatest crooks.

Then the young man, or detective as I soon learned, told me that I had come to Boston with Mrs. Rose Russell and that we had just stolen a ten thousand dollar string of pearls. He also told how she had communicated to me on the train by means of the brown scrap of paper and told me to come to a certain hotel and meet her there.

As they sprang these surprises the true mystery soon revealed itself to me. It seems that the man who was beside me in the seat was the real robber and that the string of pearls were slid into my pocket by him when he saw me pick up the scrap of paper and also when he observed the scrutinizing gaze of the detective behind us.

When I went into the restaurant I had dropped the paper and my friend detective picked it up.

I soon explained myself and showed the men the right victims.

My moral is to be careful whom I sit beside in a crowded train and also not to pick up scraps of brown paper.

E. K., '26.

BILLBOARDS

The Wheler household was pleasantly

surprised by the arrival of a letter one morning in June announcing a visit from an uncle who, although he had not been heard from personally for upwards of fifteen years, was reputed to be very wealthy. Of course this put the house and inmates thereof in a turmoil of preparation. The card, thanks to luck, arrived a whole week ahead giving them ample time for preparation. First, Mrs. Wheeler cleaned house from attic to cellar and Mr. Wheeler spent all his spare time with exterior decorating, while evenings, after eight-year-old Johnny was in bed, they pored over etiquette books borrowed from the local library.

At last the day arrived and Mr. Wheeler met the Hon. James R. Stuyvesant at the station with great pomp and escorted him home to the "little brown bungalow" about one mile above where the large department store stood, in which he was a dry goods clerk.

According to previous plans a trip to the mountains was arranged for the next day and the sun rose bright and glorious, almost as it seemed in a consideration of the gorgeous trip. But of course entertaining had to begin that afternoon. He was taken to the parlor, which was cozy and homelike. Everyone was dressed in his best and as school had just closed Johnny was sent out to play with strict orders as to his propriety. The first striking event of the day was the sudden bolt of Johnny into the parlor crying, "Oh, mother, I was playing with the other fellers and I climbed up the old billboard across the fence and,—and,—and I tore—a—great,—big—hole in my—new pants."

Mrs. Wheeler, of course, must needs excuse herself to repair Johnny and reprimand him for his carelessness in letting out the secret of the billboard across the back yard fence which they had tried to keep the uncle from knowing of, keeping him in the front of the house till the realization of the long trip began.

The next morning they started out bright and early for the mountains and decided to go through a certain little country village which from childhood had been the pride of that section of the country, in Mr. Wheeler's estimation. It was noted for its stately highways lined with waving pine groves and its verdant hills and dales, flashing brooks and neat cottages. It may be added that Mr. Wheeler was an active member of an anti-tobacco club. His Chevrolet sedan, although rather a back number, seemed to be in very good working order that morning.

Mr. Wheeler had made many boasts about this little village but for some reason or other had not been there himself for three or four years. To his great disgust and chagrin the valleys and hillsides were covered with billboards advertising "Camels," "Fatimas," "Chesterfields," "Prince Albert," "Blackstones," "Havanas," "cut plugs," and the like. The beautiful groves had unsparingly been cut to make room for one-horse garages and the roads were sadly in need of repair, but hopefully he made great promises of the mountain views, especially of the beautiful sunset that could be best seen from a stand on a certain jut or promontory on the farther side of the mountain.

At the first glimpse of "Sunset Lodge" the hotel on the mountain side, he noticed that it had grown considerably taller in the last year and he supposed it had been enlarged on account of an increase in business, but when he got there what should be his surprise but a huge billboard extending upwards from the roof reading, "Buy a Ford," in flaring, gigantic letters plainly visible a quarter of a mile. He thought to himself "Good Lord, let's think of buying a Lizzie, her cousin is all I can put up with. I wonder what the next billboard will portray."

They soon found out for as the sun was swiftly coursing westward, they hastened to the well-known promontory immediately. The sky was an azure blue except a few pink and golden tinted clouds in the west. But, lo and behold, right between the sky line and the promontory loomed up a vaunt looking billboard and worst of all it was advertising Edison Mazda Electric Light Bulbs, with the usual, "The sun is its only rival," right underneath. In almost a rage he turned his car toward the hotel where they were to spend the night. For supper they were served with Swift's cold boiled shoulder which they had seen advertised on the way, and also for breakfast with famous George Washington coffee, advertised all the way up with the usual trade phrase, "Measure the cost by the cup not by the price of the package." He could scarcely stomach either of them for he was continually mourning as to his uncle's opinion of his home town and so much depended on his rich uncle's first impressions.

Bright and early they started out for home, but he was practically dazed by visions of billboards by day and phantoms of billboards by night. So, as they were rolling along lightly over the macadamized road, something happened; nobody knew what, and presently they found themselves in the middle of a large field and stopped only when Chevy hits her radiator and headlights against a huge billboard. A little glass was broken, flying in all directions, a little of it flew into their faces, and a little blood showed itself; a few little dents in the car also appeared, but "outside of that, everything was all right." So when they got settled again and recovered from the shock they began to look around, investigating "cause and effect," when they chanced to notice the advertisement on the billboard. It insinuatingly pointed out the value of "Non-skid tires," almost as if to say, "I told you so."

Well, nothing in particular happened from then on, unless it might be mentioned that the little car made forty miles an hour due to the driver's eagerness to get home to his parlor away from billboards. Strange to say what should greet their eyes early that afternoon, but a party of workmen working on a slight appearing structure right across the street from their house, directly facing his favorite bay window. It was a billboard in the making. He hastily resolved to sell and go to the wild west, but owing to his great love of home the resolution was formed only on the "spur of the moment," and he failed in the execution.

In the course of the conversation a few

days later it was dropped from Mr. Stuyvesant's lips that for twenty years he had been engaged in the highway advertising business and that that was when he made his fortune. Of course he had been altogether ignorant of his nephew's frets and fears, and as a result, the young man's mind was relieved of a considerable weight.

On the third day the billboard, that was being built on their return, was finished and the advertisement was that of the beautiful mountain trail, sightseeing, hotel conveniences, etc., of the trip experienced but just four days ago. What an eyesore! What a panorama for a parlor bay window! What memories!

Of course everything came out a great deal better than poor Mr. Arnand J. Wheeler, clerk of the dry goods department of T. R. Smith Jr.'s store, could have wished, and Mr. Stuyvesant went home with a much better impression of Verdantville than the Wheelers could have expected and needless to say he enjoyed his visit extremely well and when he returned, he made out his will to his nephew and family.

But after all that experience had left its mark; that bay window view was a constant eyestrain. The next spring, after a very busy political time on the part of Mr. Wheeler, when voting day came, an act for the abolishment of all billboards was put before the people in the form of a referendum. Then passed the day, in Verdantville, of unsightly billboards.

THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE HABIT

As this subject on which I am going to write is a very common practice, I am not going into technical details.

First, as one steps onto the cars, he is met with a volley of words such as, "Give me a four-letter word meaning ambush," or "a three-letter word for affirmative," and people are chewing the ends of their pencils to shavings, trying to think of the right words, and if the puzzles cannot be solved, there are many cross words, only they don't relate to puzzles.

The school-boy or girl carrying any books, such as a geography, a science book or dictionary, is immediately assailed with questions, and is made the walking dictionary of the crowd. As you pick up the paper and open it, there are advertisements of famous cross-word puzzle dictionaries containing most modern and archaic words with a complete glossary of other terms. Then on the next page is an article telling how a man goes crazy over cross-word and vertical lines. The next two pages are missing and as you go in search of them, you see the family crowded around a small table pushing and shoving one another. You elbow your way into the bunch to see what the excitement is and you find, much to your disgust, that the missing paper is in the center, covered with vertical and horizontal lines and pencil marks. You now determine to put a stop to this cross-word foolishness and you go out and cancel your daily paper. On your way home you see a paper which has no cross-word puz-

zle. You rush to that office and secure a copy, and, joy of joys, it contains no vertical and horizontal lines with blank spaces. You become so enraptured over this old style newspaper that you sign up to take that paper for ten years. You go home satisfied and get a good night's sleep. As you pick up that morning paper with a thrill you read in startling letters on the front page, "This paper will carry from now on a special cross-word section!" You faint.

I. M., '27.

THE RABBIT'S EARS

Did you know that rabbits at one time had small short ears and that on account of something they did they were made to grow long?

I will tell you about them as the story was told to me.

One day while Mr. Rabbit was hopping through the woods searching for food, he spied two elves in the distance whispering together very earnestly. Mr. Rabbit slipped behind a tree, twinkled his little pink nose and strained his ears to catch a word or two of what they were saying. They seemed rather nervous and kept g'ancing in all directions. Not being able to hear what they were saying, he crept stealthily toward them, dodging behind each tree. At last he was near enough to hear their whispers. Mr. Rabbit twinkled his little pink nose again and looked very wise. After a short time the two elves put their fingers to their lips and parted. Then Mr. Rabbit went away also.

Now, as you know, elves are very mischievous, so it is no wonder that the next day when Mr. Bee found all his honey stolen he blamed it onto the elves. But there were so many, many elves, how could he tell which ones were at fault? He asked a number of the animals, but none seemed to know who had done it.

Then Mr. Bee said he would give a whole comb of honey to know who stole it. Mr. Rabbit heard of his offer and rushed to tell him who the two elves were who had committed the theft. Mr. Bee thanked him and gave him the honey as he had promised.

The next day Mr. Bee stung the two elves who had stolen his honey, and told them not to try it again.

The poor little elves were in a sad plight, indeed. Their faces were swollen with bumps. As you may imagine, they were very angry and desired to know who told on them.

When they found out about a week later, they planned to punish Mr. Rabbit. So one day when they came across the queen of the fairies fast asleep, with her magic wand beside her, they took her wand and ran away.

This wand had the power of changing people or animals in whatever way one wished.

The elves crept through the woods, carrying the wand with them. All at once they saw Mr. Rabbit behind a tree, his head on one side listening to two woodchucks on the other side of the tree.

The elves crept close to him and touched his ears with the wand and said, "After

this you shall always have big ears so that you may hear better."

Mr. Rabbit felt his ears growing big and heard the elves and woodchucks laughing at him. He crept home through the woods, very much ashamed of himself.

It is needless to say he never was caught listening again.

TENA MCKINNEY, '26.

THE RESCUE OF PIERRE

Pierre Durmand was a little blind boy who lived on the mountain side with his two grandparents, Pierre Durmand and his wife. Little Pierre lost his father in the great war of 1914, and soon after his mother followed her husband. So small Pierre lived with his father's people.

Grandpa and grandma were kind to their blind little grandson, but sometimes Pierre would get very lonesome, and when he did, he and Comrade would go off together. In the summer Pierre and his grandpa would take the sheep out on the mountain side to graze. Little Pierre knew his way around very well and wherever he went his dog Comrade went with him. In the many walks that these two took, Pierre would walk with his hand on Comrade's back. If they came to a hole or a tree Comrade always warned Pierre by stopping or going around it.

One day Pierre's grandpa was taken sick, and after two or three days he grew worse. Pierre's grandma was a cripple so she could not go to their nearest neighbor, who lived two miles away, and get any medicine for the sick man. Pierre and

his grandma tried to think of some way, but there seemed no way out of it. So, finally, Pierre told his grandma not to worry because he'd go. At once his grandma said, "No." Of course she wouldn't let him go, a little blind boy like him, it wouldn't be safe because there were too many hills. Also Comrade had broken his leg so he couldn't go along. But finally, after a long spell of teasing, Pierre won his grandma over and she said he could go.

Before leaving, Pierre went and said good-bye to Comrade, because this was the first time that Pierre had ever gone anywhere without him.

Pierre started out and by his grandma's directions he found the sheep path, which was beside the road. Then he said good-bye and started out alone. The path was quite narrow, so he had no trouble in keeping in it, although it took him quite a while till he came to the end of it. At the end of the path there was a break in the woods.

"Now," thought Pierre, "I can keep on and the little wind that comes can guard me." The wind blew across the open space in the woods and across Pierre's face. While he was walking here, he tried to think of some way or some thing that would help guard him after he came to his neighbor's woods.

Just before he came to them, he remembered that there was a fence along the side of the road, so when he got to the fence, he walked along beside it and dragged his cane along the top.

Finally he came to the gate and after feeling around he finally found the steps. He knocked at the door, but nobody came; he knocked again, still nobody came. Could it be possible that after his long walk that nobody was home?

Wearily he turned and started to find his way back to the road, then he thought

that perhaps they had left the door unlocked. He knew that they wouldn't care if he went in and got the medicine. He found his way back to the door again, it was locked, but Pierre did not give up hope, he found his way back to the path, then he went and tried the side door, this one was unlocked.

He went in and as he entered the door he put his hand on the table to steady himself, as he did his hand hit a bottle. He picked it up and he knew by the odor that it was the kind his grandpa used.

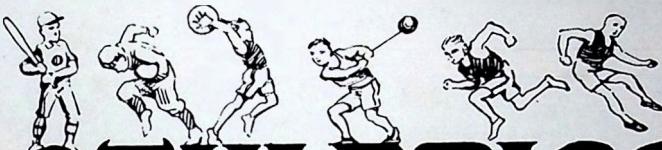
He found his way to the road again and started home, picking his way out the way he had come. But when he came to the open space it started to snow and the wind came in all directions, and he lost his way.

When it started to snow Pierre's grandma went to the door and called for Pierre, but the wind blew so hard that her small voice was lost.

Comrade heard her call for Pierre and he knew that something must have happened to him to keep him so long.

He tried to step on his paw, but he couldn't. He tried and tried, but it hurt him worse each time. Finally, he started out on three legs. He was tired after he had gone away, so he lay down to rest. Suddenly he heard a noise, he listened, then he knew it was Pierre crying. He started with a bound, and far, far ahead he saw his pal trying to find his way home. No words can express the happiness of Pierre and Comrade when they met.

Grandma stood at the door again and called and called. She was turning away when she heard a noise; she looked and she saw coming into the yard her dear little grandson, with one hand on Comrade's back, and the other was gripping the bottle of medicine that would save her husband's life.



ATHLETICS

CROSS COUNTRY

Cross country was a very popular sport in Scarboro High School in the falls of 1920 and 1921, but due to the fact that the State Interscholastic Run at Colby College was discontinued during the next two years we had no teams in 1922 and 1923. At the beginning of the fall term we learned that this meet was to be held again at Waterville on November 1. A meeting of the Athletic Association was called and Skillings, '25, the only letter man in cross country in school, was elected captain. About fifteen boys answered the first call for candidates, including Skillings, '25, Plowman, '25, Harmon, '25, Nielsen, '25, Emmons, '25, Woodward, '27, Ward, '27, Harmon, '27, Winship, '27, Larrabee, '27, Milliken, '27, Scamman, '28, and T. Woodward, '28. The team practiced faithfully during the fall term. Manager Emmons arranged for a dual run with Windham High School about a week before the State Meet. Just before this run, Harmon, one of our most promising runners, was taken ill with scarlet fever and our team was considerably weakened by his absence.

We went to Windham on a Tuesday afternoon, October 28, accompanied by a large crowd of rooters. After going over their course in autos we defeated them by a score of 26 to 29. The course was much

harder than our home course, as it consisted of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of nothing but hills. Plowman, our star runner, took the lead at the start and was never headed, finishing about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile ahead of the field in fifteen minutes and two seconds, breaking the record for the course. The runners finished in the following positions: Plowman, S. H. S.; Cook, W. H. S.; Skillings, S. H. S.; Stout, W. H. S.; McPhee, W. H. S.; Emmons, S. H. S.; Nielsen, S. H. S.; Hall, W. H. S.; Scamman, S. H. S.; Meehan, W. H. S.; Eastup, W. H. S.; Winship, S. H. S. The score was:

Scarboro,	1-3-6-7-9	26
Windham,	2-4-5-8-10	29

The following Friday we went to Waterville by auto, where we took part in the State Meet on Saturday. As Mr. Bessey, our coach, was in Bangor at the Teachers' Convention, he secured Mr. Emile Janelle to accompany us and we owe him many thanks for his kindness to us, not only on this occasion, but on many others. We were royally entertained at one of the college fraternities. We were not as successful in this meet as we could have wished, although Plowman finished in eighth place and our team in seventh place, beating out Coburn Classical Institute for this position. However, we found consolation in our defeat as we were the smallest school represented. As this was the last run which we were to participate in, we now turned our attention to basketball.



Harmon

Plowman

Nielsen

Emmons

Skillings

BASKETBALL (BOYS)

Basketball has become our most popular sport, both among the students and the townspeople, as has been evidenced throughout the season by the record crowds that have attended the games. Due to their splendid support, the season has been a success financially and we were able to play more games than usual, making several over-night trips, which have been enjoyed very much by the members of the team.

Five members of this year's team were veteran players of previous years—Captain Skillings, '25, Plowman, '25, Harmon, '25, Nielsen, '25, and Manager Emmons, '25. Our substitutes have been Ward, '27, and E. Harmon, '27. Principal Bessey has acted as coach and much of the team's success has been due to his efforts on behalf of the team. We won eleven of the fourteen games played, running up 315 points to our opponents 165.

SUMMARY OF GAMES

- December 6—Scarboro, 25; Windham High.
13. January 2—Scarboro, 23; Wells High, 10.
January 9—Scarboro, 45; Windham High, 5.
January 16—Scarboro, 24; Greeley Institute,
15. January 20—Scarboro, 18; North Berwick,
High, 27.
January 24—Scarboro, 32; Freeport High, 8.
February 13—Scarboro 16; Waterboro High,
11. February 20—Scarboro 18; Alumni, 17.
February 27—Scarboro High, 12; Waterboro
High, 11.
March 6—Scarboro, 19; Wells High 6.
March 11—Scarboro, 15; Freeport High, 9.
March 14—Scarboro, 49; Alumni, 7.
March 20—Scarboro, 10; Greeley Institute, 12.
March 27—Scarboro, 9; North Berwick High,
14.

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	Games	Goals	Fouls	Points
Plowman,	14	45	13	103
Nielsen,	13	37	12	86
Harmon,	14	36	4	76
Skillings,	14	17	9	43
Emmons,	14	2	1	5
Ward,	4	1	0	2



"THREE OF A KIND"

Captain Skillings and ex-captain Plowman have each played basketball throughout their high school course, making their letters for four consecutive years. During most of this time Plowman has been high scorer of the team and his eagle eye for the basket and his knack of "digging out" the ball from scrimmage has made him a very valuable asset to the team. Skillings has played a roving guard's position and few have succeeded in breaking through his defense.

Nielsen's great height has enabled him nearly always to "get the jump" on his opponent and also to score many baskets from beneath the basket. He will be sorely missed next season.

Manager Emmons played his first year as a regular this season and has proven a veritable stonewall on defense in his position as stationary guard.

"Zeke" Harmon, our 175-pound forward, although the youngest member of the team, has been a tower of strength on both the offense and the defense and has always

played a clean, hard game.

Our two subs, "Wardie" Ward and "Hiram" Harmon, have participated in several games, thus gaining valuable experience for next season.

Following are the scores of some of our most interesting games:

SCARBORO (23)		WELLS HIGH (10)
Plowman, rf, 4	8	Savage, rf, 1
E. Harmon		Moody, rf, 1 (2)
Ward		Freeman, c, 1 (1)
Skillings, lf, 3 (1)	7	Henderson, rg
Nielsen, c, 3	6	Bradbury
Emmons, rg		Spaulding (1)
Harmon, lg, 1	2	
SCARBORO (45)		WINDHAM HIGH (5)
Plowman, rf, 6	12	Wescott, rf, 1
Ward		Cook (2)
Skillings, lf, 4 (1)	9	Meehan, c,
Nielsen, c, 6	12	Rogers, rg (1)
Emmons, rg		Eastup, lg
Harmon, lg, 6	12	
SCARBORO (24)		GREELEY INSTITUTE (15)
Plowman, rf, 2 (1)	5	Corey, rf (3)
Skillings, lf, 2	4	Barton, lf, 2
Ward		Packard, c (6)
Nielsen, c, 4 (1)	9	Searles, c
Emmons, rg, 1	2	Ross, rg
Harmon, lg, 2	4	Emery, lg (2)

THE FOUR CORNERS

SCARBORO (18)

Plowman, rf, 3 (3)	9	Baston, rf, 2	4
Skillings, lf, 1	2	Littlefield, lf, 5 (2)	12
Nielsen, c, 2	4	Marston, c, 4 (1)	9
Emmons, rg (1)	1	Lowe, rg	
Harmon, lg, 1	2	Shibles, lg (2)	2

SCARBORO (32)

		FREEPORT HIGH (8)	
Plowman, rf, 1	2	Small, rf	
E. Harmon		Hatch, lf	
Skillings, lf (1)	1	Dudley, 3	6
Nielsen, c, 9 (1)	19	Holbrook, c (2)	2
Emmons, rg, 1	2	Marston, rg	
Ward, 1	2	Taylor, lg	
C. Harmon, 3	6		

SCARBORO (16)

Plowman, rf, 2 (1)	5	Kent, rf, 2 (1)	5
Ha. mon, lf, 2	4	Ricker, lf, 1	2
Nielsen, c, 2 (3)	7	Thyng, 2	4
Emmons, rg		Day, c	
Skillings, lg		Knight, rg	
		Field, lg	

SCARBORO (49)

Plowman, rf, 9 (2)	20	Nielsen, rf (1)	1
Harmon, lf, 10	20	Higgins, lf	
Nielsen, c, 1 (1)	3	Richardson, c	
Emmons, rg		L. Emmons, rg, 1 (2)	4
Skillings, lg, 2 (2)	6	Rowley, lg, 1	2

SCARBORO (18)

Plowman, rf, 2 (2)	6	Merrill, rf, 1 (1)	3
Skillings, lf, 2 (4)	8	Lund, lf, 1	2
Nielsen, c, 1 (2)	4	Richardson, c, 2	4
Emmons, rg		L. Emmons, rg, 3	6
Ward		Rowley, lg, 1	2
Harmon, lg			

WEARERS OF THE 'S' IN SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL

CROSS COUNTRY

Skillings,	'25
Plowman,	'25
Nielsen,	'25
Emmons,	'25
Scamman,	'28

NIELSEN AND SCAMMON
"MUTT AND JEFF"

ALUMNI (17)

Plowman, rf, 9 (2)	20	Nielsen, rf (1)	1
Harmon, lf, 10	20	Higgins, lf	
Nielsen, c, 1 (1)	3	Richardson, c	
Emmons, rg		L. Emmons, rg, 1 (2)	4
Skillings, lg, 2 (2)	6	Rowley, lg, 1	2

ALUMNI (17)

BASKETBALL (BOYS')	
Skillings,	'25
Plowman,	'25
Nielsen,	'25
Emmons,	'25
Harmon,	'25

TRACK

Skillings,	'25
Willman,	'25
McKinney,	'26
Wentworth,	'26
Knight,	'26
E. Olesen,	'26
Lary,	'26
D. Olesen,	'28



"TOOTS"
BASKET BALL CAPTAIN '24 '25 '26

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

A lot of new interest in basketball has been created among the S. H. S. girls during the past season. This is shown by the large number who have attended practice during the season.

The following girls have been members of the squad:

A. Willman, '25, E. Lary, '26, T. McKinney, '26, D. Olesen, '28, A. Wentworth, '26, C. Higgins, '28, R. Ahlquist, '27, M. Urquhart, '26, G. Soule, '27, M. Pillsbury, '26, H. Bowley, '26, F. Bowley, '28, A. Nielsen, '27, E. Knight, '26, and E. Olesen, '26.

Mrs. Boyle has proved a very faithful coach to us. She has been with us at every game and has certainly been tireless in conducting practice sessions.

The Juniors have a whole team in their class and several exciting games have been played between them and the rest of the school. They have not yet been defeated.

While we won only three games out of nine, yet all of our games have been close and we have shown much greater scoring power than last year.

The scores and games played are as follows:

Scarboro,	17	Aluminae,	4
Scarboro,	15	Kennebunk,	17
Scarboro,	23	Kennebunkport,	12
Scarboro,	9	Gorham,	25
Scarboro,	9	Kennebunkport,	14
Scarboro,	13	Gorham,	16
Scarboro,	14	Waterboro,	20
Scarboro.	14	Kennebunk,	18
Scarboro.	22	Waterboro,	14

This year Tena McKinney was captain and Ada Wentworth manager. We have just elected new officers, who are Tena McKinney, captain, and Elinor Lary, manager.

There are enough "subs" who have come out for basketball to make up a team of their own, so we have the opportunity for good practice games.

Emma Olesen has played as "sub" in most every game and we certainly value her very highly, as she is quick and sure.

Amy Willman, '25, and Elinor Lary, '26, have proved an expert pair of guards. They have caused our opponents no small amount of anxiety and not without good cause, as they are certainly not the kind that are easily brushed out of the way.

Another good pair on our team are our forwards, Tena McKinney, '26, and Dagna Olesen, '28. They are small, but quicker than lightning. Tena is famous for her overhead shots and Dagna, our Freshman "find," is an expert "shot" and clever in "getting free." Together they play a swift, clean-cut, passing game.

THE FOUR CORNERS

Ada Wentworth, '26, our side center, is little, but oh, my! Good things are done up in small packages. She is always at the right spot at the right time and a trifle hard to guard because "now you see her, and then you don't."

We will miss Amy very much next year. She has played on the team every year during her high school course, serving one year as captain and one year as manager. However, no other member of the squad will be lost, and with six "letter-men" back we are anticipating a more successful season next year.

The line-ups and scores of the most interesting games are as follows:

SCARBORO (17)	ALUMNI (4)
T. McKinney, lf, 3(1) 7	M. Nielsen, rf
D. Olesen, rf, 5 10	M. Pillsbury, lf
Knight, c	A. Lund, c
Lary, g	V. Urquhart, lg
Willman, g	R. Heald, rg
Olesen, g	M. Pillsbury, rg
Wentworth, g	R. Heald, lf
	Urquhart, rf, 2 4

SCARBORO (23)

SCARBORO (23)	KENNEBUNKPORT (12)
D. Olesen, lf, 7 (1) 15	M. McAbe, lf, 5 10
T. McKinney, ri, 4 8	E. Wakefield, rf, 1 2
E. Knight, c	R. Sullivan, c
A. Willman, lg	D. Twombly, g
E. Lary, rg	M. Wildes, g
A. Wentworth, sc	E. Seavey, sc

SCARBORO (13)

SCARBORO (13)	GORHAM (16)
T. McKinney, lf, 1(1) 2	Russel, lf, 2 4
D. Olesen, rf, 5 10	Gallop, rf, 6 12
E. Knight, c	Stenson, c
A. Willman, g	Wallace, g
E. Lary, g	Wallace, g
A. Wentworth, sc	Carll, g
	Harns, sc

SCARBORO (22)

SCARBORO (22)	WATERBORO (14)
T. McKinney, lf, 7 (2) 16	Johnson, ri, 4 8
D. Olsen, ri, 3 6	Bull, li, 3 6
E. Knight, c	Fallette, c
A. Wentworth, sc	Haley, rg
A. Willman, g	Huff, lg
E. Lary, g	Meserve, sc
	Berry, rg





"The wisest men that e'er you ken
Have never deemed it treason,
To rest a bit, and jest a bit
And balance up their reason;
To laugh a bit, and chaff a bit,
And joke a bit in season."

HIS OPINION OF THE CLASS
Mr. B. (in Chemistry class): "What is oxygen uniting with all the time?"
No answer. All look blank.
"Why, it's going on right here in this room. Yes, in anything that's green (glancing toward the fields). It is happening in all of you!"

On, GIRLS!

The class was studying magnetism. The professor said: "How many natural magnets are there?"

"Two, sir," was the reply.
"And will you please name them?"
'Blondes and brunettes, sir.'

FABLES OF S. H. S.

Mr. Bessey isn't coming today.
Mary Pederson didn't pass in an exam.
Walter Nielsen is the smallest boy in school.

Not a girl in S. H. S. uses powder.
Everybody had their M. and M. History.
Everyone was exempt from exams.
Chet Scamman has grown.

The clock is going.
Trudie likes mice so well she sacrifices her fingers for them.

Mrs. L. thinks our pet mouse is very sweet, and she loves to watch his playful ways.

No one got nervous over exams.

G. S., '27, to R. A., '27: "Gee! I guess I've got indigestion in my knee! It aches awfully!"

Mr. B. (in General Science): "Now, what does the moon consist of?"

Heard from the back of the room:
'Green cheese!'

PLEASE PUNCTUATE!

"Luther proves his disbelief in monks and nuns marrying by marrying himself."

"What does my little man wish to buy—candy?"

"You bet I do; but I've got to buy soap."



OUR "GOLLUF TEAM"

A WONDER WATCH

Sambo: "What kind of a watch have you got?"

Jasbo: "A wonder watch."

Sambo: "A wonder watch? I never heard of that before."

Jasbo: "Well, you see, it's like this. Every time I look at it I wonder what time it is."

"The boss offered me an interest in the business today."

"He did?"

"Yes. He said if I didn't take an interest pretty soon he would fire me."

HEARD IN GENERAL BUSINESS

M. P., '26, reading: "Elliot took out an accident policy insuring him against 'bodily injuries sustained thru eternal violence and accidental means'."

H. B., '26 (in History III): "The hundred years' war left England the mysteries of the sea."

M. P., '25 (in History IV): "Adams was a special convoy to England."

G. S., '27, to girls in the coat-room: "I'll go you bobbed-haired girls to wear your hair behind your ears,—like this."

D. L., '28: "I'll go you. My ears are clean."

REALIX?

Mrs. L. to M. P., '25: "Mr. P., how did you get over to that seat without permission?"

M. P., '25: "I walked."

TRY THIS ONE!

Mrs. L., reading in club meeting: "Place in a greased oven and bake fifteen minutes."

QUITE NECESSARY

Freshman: "May I speak to Herman?"

Mrs. B.: "Is it necessary?"

Freshman: "Well, I haven't any gum."

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY CLASS

Mr. B.: "What are the different kinds of sulphur?"

M. H., '25: "Chrystalline and amorous" (amorphous).

TUNE: "IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MO'

"Went o'er to Tena's house one night,
 But Tena wasn't in.
 She'd gone to ride with a big 'plow man',
 I think his name was 'Jim'.

 "A baseball sailing thru the air,
 By a Junior's nose went singing,
 He heard a Freshman holler 'duck',
 And thought that he was swimmin'.

 "The cocoa is exhausted, 'freshie',
 The Junior cook advised.
 Says he, 'It's been so weak of late,
 I'm really not surprised'.

 "A big and bony Bowley
 Said to an Olsen, 'Dig'.
 'I'm bigger when I'm little,
 Than you are when you're big.'

 "And there is Buddy Libby,
 His temper's very mild,
 He even laughed when Mrs. Boyle
 Called him a 'little child.'

 "'Must mice be educated?'
 The bewildered teacher asked,
 'I'm sorry but I will not stand,
 For mice in English class!'

 "I'm just Guy Pillsbury's daughter,
 A traveling troubadour.
 A fiddlin', just a fiddlin' round.
 Cause it ain't gonna rain no mo'.

 "Now I hope I'm not misleading,
 For I've tried to make it plain,
 Even though these jokes are muddy.
 It ain't a gonna rain."
 ——————
 "Author unknown."

TRANSMIGRATION AS TAUGHT IN AMERICAN HISTORY

"People who have been fascinated by the mountain climbing lure, continue to climb, even after they have lost their lives."

SLIGHTLY DARK

First negro: "Say, boy, yo' all is so black yo' name should be midnight."

Second negro: "Sho' 'nough. Well, youse jest about fi' minutes ob twelve yo' self."

FOUND IN AN ENGLISH II EXAM PAPER

"His teeth garnished (gnashed) with a groun."

MAKE US ONE

Mrs. B., explaining synthetic: "You know a synthetic ruby is one that is made to look like a diamond."

Mr. B., after two heating tubes had broken in chemistry laboratory: "This is Friday, the thirteenth. If this tube cracks we'll go upstairs."

Eddimons, in a stage whisper: "Hit it, Zeke!"

Harmon: "I'm afraid I'd go upstairs if I did!"

Mr. B.: "What is a foot-pound?"

Freshman: "The work done by your foot."

HEARD IN ENGLISH I

Mrs. L.: "You remember Pryer Aymer won a cask of wine and a gold chain on his bet. What did he do with the chain?"

Hillock, '28: "He drank it."

Mrs. L.: "What is an oasis?"

W. S., '25: "A dry place in the desert."

TRANSLATION IN FRENCH II

Miss W., '26: "At eighteen she had made a foolish move—the only one in her life, but it was irriperable" (irreparable).

Miss M., '26: "He was the son of a country doctor who now resided in the cemetery."

On the shores of Coco-Cola,
By the shining Old Dutch Cleanser,
Stood the spotless Gold Dust Sisters,
Pointing ebony fingers westward
To the rays of Bright Star Polish.
To the fleecy clouds of Rinsos.
Fiercely red Sunbright descending,
Burned his way above the Glenwood,
Past the Hoosier and the Sellers.
Rays of Sunset dye extending,
Burn the p. airies on the wartrail,
And the Shine, the Barton's Dyan Shine.
Suddenly starting from its ambush,
Dogs the footsteps of the Traveler,
Shades the course of W. L. Douglas,
With its glare upon its leather.
And the speechless Gold Dust Sisters.
Spake these words to pure Frostilla,
"Yonder dwells Great Aunt Jemima
With her Corn and Buckwheat Flour,
You can see her Holeproof Hosiery,
Coiling, playing in the water.
You can see the black pitch water
Stretching far away, beyond them,
To the fleecy clouds of Rinsos.
She, the mightiest Crisco user,
Sends the fever from the Baker's cocoa,
Sends the pestilential vapor,
From the Analgesic Ealsam."

G. P. S., '27.

WE WANT.

A dictionary for the use of the Freshmen in Algebra class.

A noiseless waste basket for A. W., '25.

Two cow bells to hook on Skillings and Harmon, so they won't get lost when they visit Waterboro again.

A Maxim silencer for C. H., '25, during his rest periods.

A Philadelphia lawyer to draw up an agreement on apparel for graduation that will be ratified by all the Senior girls.

A new road between Oak Hill and a point on the Gorham road, to replace the one worn out by M. P., '25.

A completely modern bookkeeping machine and automatic collector to assist M. H., '25, in the collection of class dues.

SAFE!

The dear old lady entered the drug store and looked doubtfully at the youthful clerk behind the counter.

"I suppose," she said, "you are a properly qualified druggist?"

"Yes, madam."

"You have passed all your examinations?"

"Certainly."

"You've never poisoned anyone by mistake?"

"Not to my knowledge."

She heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, then, you can give me a nickel's worth of cough drops."

Mrs. B.: "G-r-i-m-e spells what, Miss Shaw?"

D. S., '25: "Grime."

Mrs. B.: "Well, then, what does g r-i-m-e spell?"

D. S.: "Me."



CAPT FREDDIE
OUR "JACK OF ALL TRADES"

"I suppose we think we are smarter than the Chinese."

"Aren't we?"

"The Chinese are not saying a word. They are getting wheat and pork in exchange for Mah Jongg sets."

F. S., '25: "Do we have to learn the dates?"

Mrs. B.: "No, I've never approved of dates, anyway."

EMBARRASSING

Little Elinor gazed long and thoughtfully at the young man calling on her sister Kate.

"May I climb on your knee, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, of course, dear," smiled the young man who wished to make a hit with the family. "Want to pull my hair, eh?"

"No, I want to see if I can find that word."

"Word? What word?" asked the puzzled visitor.

"Kate said this morning that if ever a man had the word 'idiot' written all over his face, it was you."

ASK THE CHEMISTRY CLASS

"Why doesn't hydrogen rise out of the atmosphere since it is so much lighter than the other ingredients of the mixture?"

Harmon, '25: "Bryant's father was a doctor?"

Mrs. B.: "Can you correct that, Skillings?"

F. S., '25: "He was a physician."

DANGEROUS!

Mr. B., in General Science: "You can't drive an hour in Maine without hitting a pond or lake."

Senior: "Did you take chloroform?"

Freshie: "No; who teaches it?"

Mrs. M.: "Define 'history'."

L. P., '26: "It is a record that has been kept—that has been kept—that has been kept, that's all."

S. H. S. SENIORS

When company comes.	Usually.
Serene	Stubborn
Energetic	Encumbrance
Noble	Negligent
Intelligent (looking)	Irritable
Obedient	Ostentatious
Refined	Restless
Courteous	Careless
Lively	Lazy
Ambitious	Audacious
Sober	Stolid
Studioius	Studio-less

"You look worried."

"I am. I'm not sure whether that girl told me I danced like a zephyr or a heifer. That's enough to worry any fellow."

They never met but once.
They never met again,
For she was a simple jersey cow,
And he was a railroad train.

He: "You look sweet enough to eat."
She: "Really?"
He: "Yes, but I'm not a cannibal."

First girl: "Where are you going?"

Second girl: "I'm walking for my complexion."

First girl: "Let me go along. I'm going to the drug store, too."

ENGLISH I EXAM

Question: "Name the characters in Ivanhoe."

Answer: "Holy Tut."

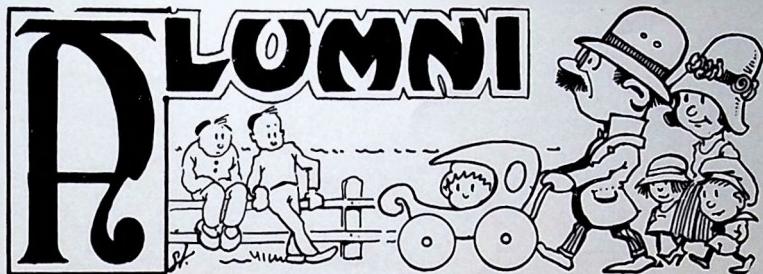
Mr. Bessey in Algebra I: "I want you Freshmen to have this rule learned so well tomorrow that when you come to class you will all burst forth with an eloquent stream of oratory."

Complete silence reigned, and puzzled expressions appeared on the freshmen's faces.

He: "Have you made up your mind to stay in it?"

She: "No, I have made up my face to go out."





1919

Melville Johnson, principal of Buxton High School.

Elden Merrill, Casco Lunch, Portland, Me.

Rudolph Douglas, Hupmobile Company, Portland, Me.

Philip Leonard, Minot's, Portland, Me.

Herman Rounds, Scarboro.

Elmer Rounds, M. C. R. R. offices, Portland, Me.

Charles Seavey, Chas. M. Hay Paint Co., Portland, Me.

Alma Seavey, head nurse of the operating room at St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland, Me.

1920

Chester A. Baker, student at U. of M.

Rachel Scott, nurse at Lewiston.

Helen E. Baker, teaching at Lisbon Falls, Me.

Doris Mitchell, Enemark and Hodgkins, Pine Street, Portland, Me.

Harold Emmons, driving ice cart, Mass.

Robert L. Libby, Scarboro, painting and papering with his father.

Raymond Libby, General Electric School, Lynn, Mass.

Fred Richardson, Emery Moody, Florist, Scarboro.

Elizabeth Newcomb, Scarboro.

Earle Willman, Willman's Paint Store, Oak Street, Portland, Me.

Philip Bowley, C. H. Farley, Portland, Me.

Velma (Leonard) Dow, Massachusetts.

Ethel Foster, Thomas Smiley Co., Portland, Me.

Abbie Small, Latin teacher, Chelmsford, Mass. Phi Beta Kappa, Bates 1924.

Carl Nielsen, deceased.

Mabel Nielsen, stenographer at Willman's Paint Store, Oak Street, Portland, Me.

Maude (Plowman) Libby, Scarboro. One son, Kenneth.

Muriel (Plowman) Nichols, W. T. Grant Co., Portland, Me.

1921

Harriet (Knight) Delaware, Scarboro. One son, Warren Howard.

Clarence Lary, at home, Scarboro.

R. Leon Lary, at home, poultryman, Scarboro.

Albert Libby, Hupmobile Co., Portland, Me.

Agnes Seavey, stenographer at Caseo Building Loan, Portland, Me.

1922

Ernest Emmons, Massachusetts.
Charlotte (Googins) Swinborn, Scarboro. One son, Alfred, Jr.

Alice D. Johnson, stenographer, Portland, Me.

Leonard Emmons, Massachusetts.

Helen Libby, at home, Scarboro.

Laura Johnson, teacher, No. Paris, Me.

Edgar Milliken, at home, Scarboro.

Ruth Heald, student at Bates.

Arthur Pillsbury, student at Northeastern School of Engineering, Boston.

Hazel Richardson, at home, Scarboro.

Ruth (Sherwood) Seavey, Scarboro.

Thomas Seavey, General Electric School, Lynn, Mass.

Violet Roberts, piano instructor, Woodfords.

Viola Urquhart, student at Nasson Institute.

Aurelia Wentworth, student at Bates.

1923

Christian Anderson, at home, Scarboro.
Gladys Douglas, graduating class at Gorham Normal.

Agnes Lund, New England Telephone and Telegraph Central Office, Portland, Me.

Hazel Merry, at home, Scarboro.

Frank Mitchell, General Electric School, Lynn, Mass.

Clayton Sargent, Dow Farm, Scarboro.

Aubrey Lincoln, at home, Scarboro.

Clark Libbey, at home, Scarboro.

Harold Bennett, Fidelity Trust, Portland, Me.

Clarence Peterson, Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia.

Martha Pillsbury, Maine Business Institute, Portland, Me.

1924

Stephen Larrabee, Portland University, Portland, Me.

Priscilla Googins, Pine Tree Tea Room, Portland, Me.

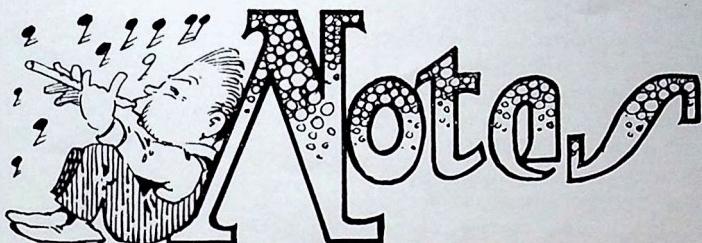
J. Ross Sherwood, at home, Scarboro.

Clarence Nielsen, Hannaford Bros., Portland, Me.

Mabel Libby, New England Telephone and Telegraph Exchange, Portland, Me.

Ina Sampson, Portland, Me.





Sept 15.—School opened. We're glad to get back. A large entering class this year and with one exception the heaviest registration in the history of the school. We're glad to welcome Mr. Bessey and Mrs. Libbey back again. We are very sorry, however, to lose Mrs. Stevens, a fine instructor, who had won the genuine good will and liking of all our students, but we find in Mrs. Boyle a good friend and teacher.

Sept. 26.—Our sixth annual Hare and Hound Chase was held today. There were two trails, both leading to Nonesuch Park. Everybody had a good time, especially at supper, which consisted of cocoa, beans, sandwiches, pickles, hot dogs and marshmallows. We had a number of contests in which all took part, causing great fun and excitement.

Oct. 1.—"Hot time in the old town!" No. Scarboro Fair. The Agricultural Clubs exhibited many things here, and showed their skill in their work by winning numerous prizes.

Oct. 3.—Lots of fun for all tonight—Freshmen Reception. Didn't all the Freshies look cute, especially in the blue-

berry pie-eating contest? Scanman and Jones were the winners and what they had not put inside was outside in plain view.

Oct. 8.—Aggies entertained the Girls' Agricultural Clubs at Mr. Heald's. When the Aggies plan an entertainment the girls always try to attend, especially when Mr. Heald is in charge.

Oct. 9.—We were deeply grieved to learn that Carl Nielsen, a graduate of the class of 1920, and known to nearly all of the present high school body, was fatally injured in an accident at Willowdale Golf Links.

Oct. 15.—Mr. Bessey away!!! One session!

Oct. 17.—Club Exhibition at K. of P. Hall. Club members dismissed at noon—lucky dogs! Amy Willman welcomed the visitors and gave a history of club work in this town. Mary Pillsbury and Margaret Urquhart gave the demonstration in bread-making, which they had given at the Eastern States Exposition, held at Springfield, Mass., and Ada Wentworth and Elizabeth Knight demonstrated for the Sewing Club. Many pretty dresses were

exhibited. Max Emmons, Walter Sargent and Walter Nielsen, with the aid of a Babcock tester, showed how to obtain the percentage of butter fat in milk. The various club exhibits were displayed to advantage in attractive booths. Mr. Moore of Portland acted as judge of the boys' exhibits, and the Misses Blackman and Lombard of Old Orchard and Sherman of Searboro were the judges of the girls' work. The following prizes were awarded: Boys—Senior Division—Potatoes: first, Edward W. Nielsen; second, Robert Winship; third, Winslow Seavey. Corn: first, Walter Sargent; second, Walter Nielsen; third, Maurice Plowman. Carrots: first, Lewis Larabee; second, Eldred Harmon; third, Max Emmons.

Junior Division—Potatoes: first, Elmer Sawyer; second, Warren Libby. Carrots: first, Stanley Harmon; second, Harlan Plummer.

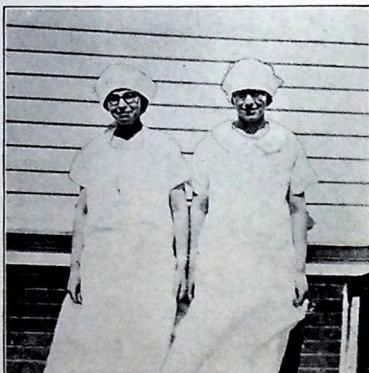
Miscellaneous—Squash: Ira Milliken. Pop corn: Lawrence Storey. Beets: Walter Frederick.

Junior Division—Beans: Gerald Milliken. Beets: Daniel Snow.

Senior Sewing—Dresses: first, Ada Wentworth; second, Tena McKinney. Towel: first, Ada Wentworth; second, Gertrude Soule. Pillow slips: first, Ruth Hodgman; second, Emma Olesen. Slips and night dresses: first, Amy Willman; second, Ruth Hodgman. Embroidery: first, Gertrude Soule. Darns: Dagna Olesen. Patch: Dagna Olesen.

Miscellaneous—First, Amy Willman.

Junior Sewing—Night dresses: first, Arlene Rockwood; second, Marie Abbott.



MAINE'S CHAMPION BREAD MAKERS

Patchwork: Louise Wiggin. Darn: Almeda Moulton. Apron: first, Louise Wiggin; second, Arlene Rockwood. Bag: first, Almeda Moulton; second, Arlene Rockwood. Household articles: first, Rita Milliken; second, Marie Abbott.

Senior Cooking and Housekeeping—Fancy cooking: first, Mary Pillsbury; second, Elinor Lary. Bread: first, Elinor Lary; second, Mary Pillsbury. Main dishes: first, Margaret Urquhart; second, Mary Pillsbury. Pastry: first, Janet Woods; second, Mary Pillsbury. Light cake: first, Margaret Urquhart; second, Mary Pillsbury. Dark cake: first, Janet Woods; second, Marion Peterson.

Oct. 21.—Mr. Heald of the Y. M. C. A. spoke to the school. Mr. Heald, our superintendent, was also present.

Oct. 22.—Red Cross Xmas boxes go today. Each class filled one and the teachers also filled one, making five in all.

Oct. 23.—S. H. S. cross-country team wins from Windham High, 26-29. Plowman, the first one in, made two and one-half miles in fifteen minutes, two seconds. Cook, of Windham, followed "Jim" later.

Oct. 24-25.—Agricultural Club Contest at Portland today. We gave the bread-making and Babcock test demonstrations that were given at our local club exhibition. Amy Willman responded to the address of welcome. We won three second seals of achievement, one for each of the different clubs and we also won four championships, Amy Willman, Walter Sargent, Walter Nielsen and Elinor Lary. They are to represent Scarboro at the state meet at Orono.

Oct. 30-31.—Teachers' Convention at Bangor. We're as happy about it as the teachers, and probably more so.

Nov. 1.—Our track team ran at Waterville today. Good luck to them!

Nov. 3-6-10.—Miss Price, health nurse, examined the scholars.

Nov. 11.—No school. Hurrah for Armistice Day!

Nov. 12.—Mr. Colby addressed the school on Red Cross work. Everyone enjoyed his talk.

Nov. 25.—Seniors went courting today. It was at the Superior Court, though.

Nov. 26.—The Juniors provide a Thanksgiving Entertainment for the school. No school until Monday. This is one thing we give thanks for.

Dec. 5.—Mr. Marsh of the Curtis Pub-

lishing Company spoke to the school. A drive was commenced for subscriptions to the *Country Gentleman*, so we were "divided into three parts," like all Gaul. The names of the different teams were Barney Google, Spark Plug and Andy Gump.

Dec. 9.—A good beginning for the basketball season was made today by our boys, for they won their first game.

Dec. 11-12.—"Oh, teacher! Have a heart!" Exams.

Dec. 18.—We enjoyed our annual Christmas tree, and such a jolly time we had, for there were many comic and appropriate gifts on its branches and everyone received some remembrance. After the gifts and pop corn and candy bags were distributed, we had a pleasant surprise in the form of refreshments. Wishing that we could have as much fun every school day we went home happy, wondering what was in store for us Dec. 25, when Santa arrived in fact.

Dec. 19.—School closed at last! The Senior fair and drama was given tonight. The name of it was "The Poor Married Man." The cast was as follows:

Professor John B. Wise, a poor married man	Max Emmons
Dr. Matthew Graham, a country physician	Walter Sargent
Billy Blake, popular college boy.....	Fred Skillings
Jupiter Jackson, a black trump.....	Maurice Libby
Mrs. Iona Ford, some mother-in-law	Amy Willman
Zoie, her charming daughter.....	Gertrude Soule
June Graham, a little freshman	Helen Fenderson
Rosalind Wilson, a college reporter	Dorothy Shaw

Dec. 20.—Senior Hop.

Dec. 23.—Girls' basketball team played the Alumnae tonight. They, too, made a good beginning by winning the first game of the season. May they keep it up!!

Jan. 5.—School opened today. Didn't some of us hate to get up *before the sun?* ?

Jan. 9.—“Reviewing the trip to Orono.” As our two club leaders, four champions and two bread-making demonstrators went to Orono for the state meet they thought they'd call to the attention of the rest that Scarboro was “on the map.” The story is told of the hilarious joy of the club members and other passengers, as well as when Sargent ecstastically discovered the town of Caramel (Carmel) on the trip down. Gleeful shouts were elicited at the state meet, when Scarboro staged as their stunt, a mock poultry judging demonstration, when state club leaders and others were substituted for the birds usually judged at such contests. As a poultry judge Sargent certainly is the best ever. We learned that Nielsen for pig and Sargent for corn won third prizes. Amy Willman earned second prize for sewing, while Elinor Lary was awarded the state championship in cooking and housekeeping.

Jan. 20.—Our boys' first defeat for a year and *the* year. We must admit that North Berwick plays a good game.

Jan. 22.—Andy Gump and Spark Plug met today. As Barney Google won the *Country Gentleman* drive the other two teams are getting ready an entertainment called the Athletic Fun Fest. Our drive

netted the Athletic Association nearly thirty-seven dollars.

Jan. 26.—The Athletic Fun Fest was held today. Many new games and stunts were performed, which caused much merriment.

Jan. 30.—The cars stopped going and so did we!!

Feb. 2 and 3.—First trials for prize speaking.

Feb. 5.—The prize speakers were announced. The lucky (?) ones are: Girls—L. Pillsbury, M. Pillsbury, McKinney, Soule, Knight and Wentworth. Alternates: Willman and Urquhart. Boys—C. Harmon, Skillings, Ward, Libby, E. Nielsen, Winship.

Feb. 6.—Cumberland and York County Teachers' Convention met in Portland today, so of course we had no school. We approve of the teachers' convention and hope our faculty enjoyed the day as much as we did. Encore!

Feb. 13.—Our basketball boys went to Waterboro. When one gets lost away from home it's very nice to find some kind-hearted people to keep one over night, isn't it? Two of the team have learned the danger of “seeing Nellie home” in a “far away country.”

Feb. 20.—The girls go to Waterboro tonight. It is their only trip away this season where they can't get home the same night.

Mar. 2.—Town meeting. The Seniors were excused at ten o'clock, but the un-

lucky majority had to go to school until the noon recess.

Mar. 4.—Mrs. Stevens visited school today. Didn't we yell!!

Mar. 6.—The class in General Business meets a lion—beg pardon, "lien."

Mar. 6.—Basketball double header. The girls played their last game of the season against Waterboro. The boys played Wells. We won both games. Rah!!

Mar. 19 and 20.—Exams.

Mar. 23.—Honor parts were awarded the Seniors today. Myrtle Hanscom won the valedictory, having an average of ninety-six and four-tenths percent. This is the highest rank ever earned in S. H. S. in the four years' course. Walter Sargent was awarded the next honor with an average of ninety-two and four-tenths percent, and Amy Willman earned third honor by attaining an average of ninety and two-tenths percent. The three in the class to attain an average of over ninety percent for a four years' course are to be highly congratulated.

Mar. 26.—Our seventh annual prize speaking contest was held tonight. The program was as follows:

Music

Prayer—Rev. Rensel H. Colby

Music

1. The Glory that is America *Ryan*
Edward W. Nielsen
2. When Mother Fell Ill *Porter*
Lois F. Pillsbury
3. The New South *Grady*
Herman C. Ward
4. What George Thinks of Calories *Anon*
Gertrude P. Soule

Music

5. *Virginius to the Roman Army* *Kellogg*
Clyde C. Harmon

6. *The Mourning Veil* *Harbour*
Ada L. Wentworth

7. *Lord Dundreary Proposing* *Anon*
Maurice A. Libby

8. *Pelang* *Drummond*
Elizabeth F. Knight

Music

9. *Intervention in Cuba* *Thurston*
Fred E. Skillings

10. Selection from "Seventeen" *Tarkington*
Tena B. McKinney

11. *Buck Wins a Wager* *London*
Ralph R. Winship

12. *Spinster Thurber's Carpet* *Anon*
Mary C. Pillsbury

Music

Decision of Judges

That all of the speakers did exceptionally well was shown by the length of time it took the judges, Miss Jean Welsh, Miss Georgia Hamilton and Mr. Louis B. Farnham, all of Portland, to pick the winners. The first prizes when finally announced were awarded to Mary Pillsbury and Maurice Libby. The second prizes were given to Ada Wentworth and Edward Nielsen. Mary Pillsbury was chosen to represent us at the county contest to be held at Deering the evening of May first.

Mar. 27.—School closed for a two weeks' vacation, so we can "run wild." Doesn't it seem good!

Apr. 13.—School opened today. After all it's great to be back.

Apr. 20.—Patriots' Day. We are reminded of the poem, "Snow, snow, beautiful snow!"

EXCHANGES

The Cub, Hastings High School, Hastings, Neb.

The Islander, Bar Harbor High School, Bar Harbor, Me.

The Quill, Henderson High School, Henderson, Ky.

The Daisy Chain, Waco High School, Waco, Texas. "Your jokes are fine."

Emerson College News, Emerson College, Boston, Mass. "We enjoy your paper."

The Cotton Ball, Taylor High School, Taylor, Texas.

The Waterborian, Waterboro High School, Waterboro, Me.

The Racquet, Portland High School, Portland, Me. "Your 'Do You Knows' are good."

The Nautilus, Waterville High School, Waterville, Me.

The Signal, Dexter High School, Dexter, Me.

The Messenger, Westbrook Seminary, Portland, Me.

The Outlook, Porter High School, Kezar Falls, Me.

P. H. S. Chronicle, Paris High School, Paris, Me.

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me. "We like your Jokes."

The Oceanic, Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Me.

The Garnet, Richmond High School, Richmond, Me. "Your stories were good and we enjoyed your Athletic section."

The Nezinscot Wane, Buckfield High School, Buckfield, Me. "A table of contents would add to your paper."

The Crescent, S. D. Hanson High School, Buxton, Me. "Your literary department is very good, but where is your table of contents?"

The Aroostookian, Aroostook Central Institute, Mars Hill, Me.

The Leavitt Angelus, Leavitt Institute, Turner Center, Me.

The M. H. S. Bouncer, Madison High School, Madison, Me.

The Maine Campus, University of Me., Orono, Me.

The Maple Leaf, Mapleton High School, Mapleton, Me. "We enjoy your paper immensely."

The Red and White, Sanford High School, Sanford, Me.

The Echo, South Portland High School, So. Portland, Me.

P. I. H. S. Ship, Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle, Me.

Orange and Black, Brunswick High School, Brunswick, Me. "Very good jokes."

The Windonian, Windham High School, Windham, Me.

The Greely Institute, Cumberland Center, Me.

The Ranger, Chelmsford High School, Chelmsford, Mass.



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